

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Dope Beat"

[krs]i got a dope beat?  
[all]you got a dope beat  
[krs] I got a dope beat..  
[all] we got a dope beat  
[krs]i got a dope beat..  
[all] you got a dope beat  
[krs] I got a dope beat!!  
[all] we got a dope beat!!

My name is at the top of all of those that mix  
I'm turnin poetry into cash for eighty-seven  
Some did it got paid, some jams were never played  
But I am just a poet who watched the whole parade  
Go by, and why? cause they wasn't fly  
Others claim to be fresh, but they're not krs  
I cannot walk around the street, with my head in the clouds  
Either runnin on my gear, or havin colors too loud  
Everything must coincide with the way I feel  
And by the way, it's scott larock on the wheels of steel  
So I take one step, to adjust the mic  
I get around the whole city so I do wear nike  
I like a funky beat, a studio like unique  
I write the crazy fresh lyrics and I don't eat meat  
You can look me up and down, and my dj too  
Because we make up the boogie down productions crew  
Takin out mc's - on the 1, 2, 3  
No matter who they claim to be in society  
Because we know their games, we have pulled their file  
If they need a different style we can get wild  
He's i.c.u., he's out to kill  
I'm krs, and we get ill  
Dj scott larock got his own beat  
The extravagant life, is what we seek  
I will tell you like this, cause I know for a fact  
I will live a long life, and I don't smoke crack  
Captivatin the crowd, seven days a week  
You know what they told me to say? I got the dope beat

[krs]i got a dope beat  
[all]you got a dope beat  
[krs]i got the dope beat  
[all]we got a dope beat  
[krs] I got a dope beat?

[all] you got a dope beat  
[krs]i got a dope beat!!  
[all]we got the dope beat!!

For me to say again another verse of my rhyme  
Means what you heard before must've blew up your mind  
So now it's time, to find, poetry like mine  
Do not waste all your time because I'm one-of-a-kind  
Pullin out, easy goin cause the money be flowin  
6'4", brown eyes, and I'm always showin  
Stupid mc's on the mic the way it 'posed to be done  
They study rhymes all week, but I be rhymin for fun  
When they lose they get upset, always pullin a gun  
But they will snap out of that, because I'm krs-one  
Not two, not three, but o-n-e  
Get it right the first time I won't repeat this rhyme  
If you think that you can burn me with your amateur ways  
Keep in mind that I been out there, from back in the days  
I don't braaaaaaaaag, about the people I know  
Because they're still bluffin, they're not givin me nothin  
I can walk around the city with the rhymes I flaunt  
Cause no matter how you front they're still the ones you want  
See, I am funky fresh and poetry is my opinion  
Takin out you suckers while the scott larock is spinnin!

.. \*guitar interlude\* ..

My name is krs-one, I'm still kinda young  
I don't wear adidas cause my name ain't run  
Got nike's on my feet, and to be complete  
I can rock an american or reggae beat  
Got rhymes for 70's, 80's, and 90's  
Not bein conceited but it won't pay to try me  
Out to any feud, any battle, any reason  
Make the rhymes up every season this style I'm just teasin  
Pick up the pace, homeboy, pick up the pace  
You're way behind schedule, listen to what I'm tellin you  
This particular style may vary  
The things I converse about are heard rarely  
Some can't bear me, others try to scare me  
Soundin intelligent but not yet equivalent!!  
You know what? ?

[all]you got a dope beat  
[krs]i got a dope beat!  
[all] we got a dope beat  
[krs] I got the dope beat?  
[all]you got the dope beat  
[krs]i got the dope beat!

[all]we got the dope beat!  
[krs]i've got the dope beat!  
[all]you've got the dope beat  
[krs]i got the dope beat!  
[all]we got the dope beat  
[krs]beat that we got? ?  
[all] the dope beat!

I.c.u., is in the house...  
Miss melodie, is in the house...  
Lena love, is in the house...  
D-nice, rocks the house...  
Gold miss idol, rocks the house...  
Flavois walker, turns em out...  
40th street black, knocks em out...  
To my mellow moses gun, rock the house...  
Naughty, bust it out...  
Mcboo, turns it out...  
Chuck chillout, cuts it up...  
Red alert, breaks it out...  
Scott larock jr..  
My pride and joy...  
Krs-one.. his mother's first son  
And no he'll never run...  
Bd... bd...  
Scott larock...  
Scott larock